THE SHATTERED EARTH CHRONICLES

10 ETERNITY
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An Ex-Mutants Universe Title

THE NEW HUMANS

NEW HUMANS

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AN *EX-MUTANTS UNIVERSE* TITLE

The New Humans: Placed in suspended animation by the United States government as part of the top secret Jupiter Project, Duke Goldberg, Kelly Brock, Calvin Gordon, and Roger Brunner awaken 30 years later to discover a world filled with deadly radiation; its inhabitants mutated victims of the most deadly war mankind has ever fought.

Our Story So Far: After narrowly defeating the Seahorse and the alien menace of the Nemesis, the Challenger II has crash-landed, seemingly killing all but Kelly Brock.

New Humans Notes: The events in this issue continue in the *New Humans Annual* #1, now on sale!

NEW HUMANS #10
The Shattered Earth Chronicles
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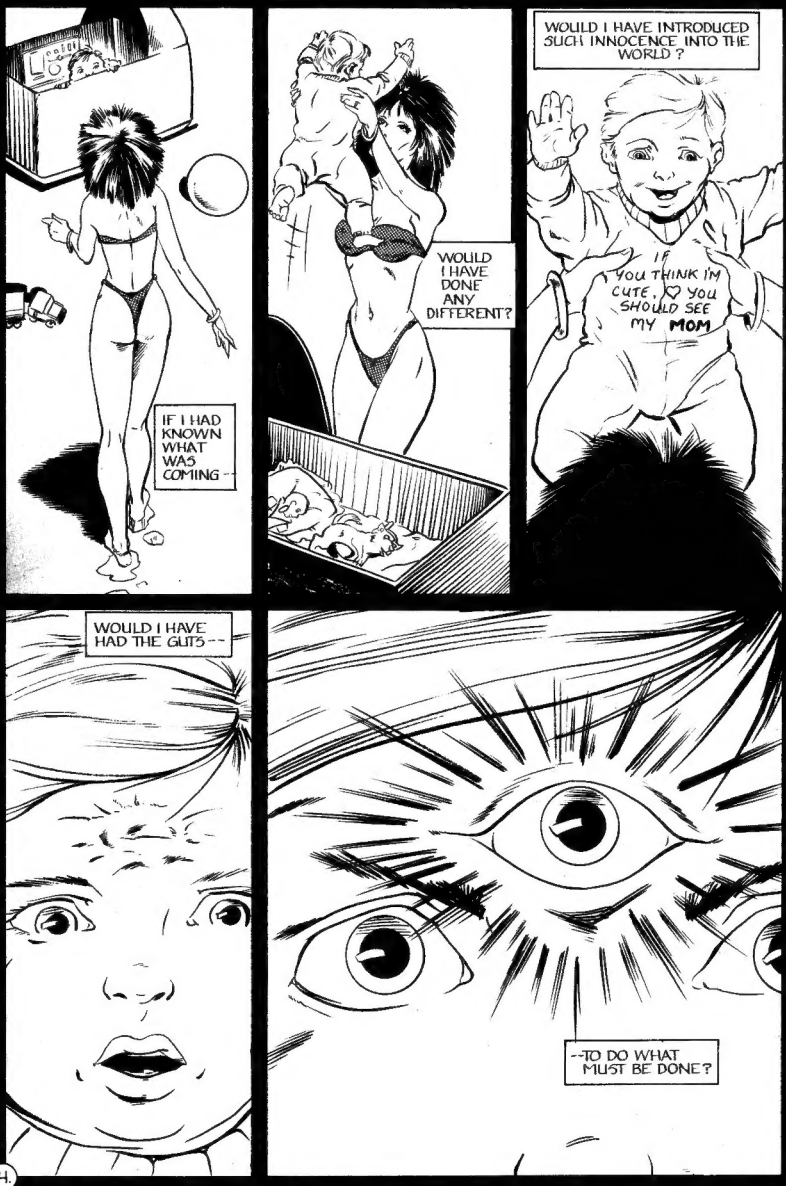
ROGER?
DUKE?
I REALLY MISSED SOMETHING. ALL THIS BURNING METAL--
--IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD, OR SOMETHING.
WHAT AM I SAYING?!?

I'VE BLANKED OUT THE LAST COUPLE OF HOURS. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS...
...CALVIN
CALVIN. MY GOD, I JUST WANT TO CURL UP AND SLEEP FOREVER.

SLEEP THE LAST TIME I SLEPT, I LOST THIRTY YEARS

I SLEPT IN THE DARK AND I LIVED, WHILE MILLIONS DIED IN THE LIGHT.
WHY COULDN'T I HAVE DIED WITH THEM?
PARTNER TO GHOSTS

IT'S BEEN SO MANY YEARS. IT SEEMS LIKE A DREAM.
BEFORE THE PLAGUE, BEFORE THE FALLOUT, WHEN WE LIVED LIKE HUMANS UNDER A CLEAR SKY.
KELLY BROCK. WOMAN OF THE NINETIES
EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR KELLY BROCK
DAMN, I WAS A FINE PIECE OF WORK.
MY HUSBAND AND I, TWO OF THE FOREMOST SPECIALISTS IN OUR FIELDS.
HE IN GENETICS, I IN SPACE MEDICINE.
SHOULD WE HAVE SUSPECTED THE HORROR RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES?
3


IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT WAS COMING--
WOULD I HAVE DONE ANY DIFFERENT?
WOULD I HAVE INTRODUCED SUCH INNOCENCE INTO THE WORLD ?
IF YOU THINK I'M CUTE, YOU SHOULD SEE MY MOM
WOULD I HAVE HAD THE GUTS--
--TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE?

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT MY BABY. IF I HAD BEEN THERE, MAYBE I COULD HAVE PROTECTED HIM.
WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE SAVED HIM FROM THE RADIATION.
HE WAS MY SON! I SHOULD HAVE STAYED BY HIS SIDE.
INSTEAD, I SLEPT.
SLEPT THROUGH THE DEATH OF PLANET EARTH.
WAAAAGGH
NNOOOO

I WONDER WHAT IT WAS LIKE, THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED.
WAS IT RAINING? NO--I BET IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, THE CLOSING ACT OF OUR PLANET.
HOW DID IT HAPPEN? WAS THERE TENSION IN THE WORLD? WERE WE STILL ON THE BRINK OF WAR, OR DID WE THINK WE'D SOLVE OUR PROBLEMS?
DID THEY HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WAS HAPPENING?
WAS THERE TIME TO *SCREAM*?

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT.
THAT VOICE...
... ALEX?
YES.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
OH ALEX!
WHA--?
I AM DEAD, KELLY. I AM A GHOST.
I'M LOSING MY MIND.
I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU ARE A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND SURGEON. THE WORLD NEEDS YOU AND YOUR TALENTS.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT WORLD?
EARTH IS A PLANET OF GHOSTS.
YOU'RE TELLING ME?
SIMPLY BECAUSE I AM A GHOST IS NO REASON TO IGNORE MY NEEDS.
REGARDLESS, YOU ARE WRONG TO CALL THIS A WORLD OF GHOSTS.
BEHOLD

THE WORLD IS CHANGED, WOUNDED- IT IS A SHATTERED EARTH.
IT IS TO A LARGE EXTENT A GRAVE-YARD, THERE ARE MANY GHOSTS HERE.
BUT AMID THE HEADSTONES--
THERE IS LIFE.
IT IS A FRAGILE LIFE, LIKE GRASS QUESTING THROUGH THE PAVEMENT, BUT IT IS STILL LIFE.
AND AS SUCH, IT DESERVES YOUR HELP.
I CAN'T HELP THESE POOR CREATURES. I CANNOT REPAIR THE WORLD.

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T-- WHO SAID YOU COULD?
IT IS POSSIBLE TO HELP IN LITTLE WAYS, TO EASE THE PAIN OF DAILY EXISTENCE
SO THAT'S IT? THAT'S THE PURPOSE OF MY LIFE?
TO HANG ON LIKE GRIM DEATH TO WHAT IS LEFT--
TO SCRAMBLE LIKE AN IRRADIATED RAT THROUGH THE RUINS, REDUCED TO SAVAGERY AND BARBARISM?
SPLAT!
THAT - OR TO STAND ABOVE THEM.
ALEX!!!

SPLAT
MY GOD, ALEX, YOU... YOU JUST...
WHAT DO YOU CARE? THIS IS A WORLD OF GHOSTS, REMEMBER.
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST KILL PEOPLE OUT HAND, NOT FOR WHAT THEY'VE BECOME.
HYPOCRITE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU ARE A HYPOCRITE. YOU ARE MURDERING THESE PEOPLE THROUGH YOUR INACTION AS SURELY AS I WITH MY FOOT
YOU ARE A DOCTOR. YOU HAVE TALENT AND KNOWLEDGE LOST TO THIS WORLD.
YOU ARE THE LAST LINK WITH AN AGE WHEN MAN WAS THE MASTER OF HIS PLANET. YOUR PERSPECTIVE AND SKILLS ARE INVALUABLE.
NO, THEY'RE NOT. DON'T YOU THINK I'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT?

I'M NO DOCTOR.
I'M A MECHANIC.
THE MEDICINE OF MY AGE IS A LOST ART ON THIS WORLD. THERE ARE NO TOOLS, NO DRUGS, NONE OF THE EQUIPMENT I HAD IN OUR TIME.
I WAS A RESEARCH PHYSICIAN. MY SKILLS WERE ABSTRACT.
I CAN'T JUST LAY MY HANDS ON THE SICK AND RENDER THEM *CURED*.
I DON'T HAVE THE *TOOLS*.
YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS.

YOU COULD SET BROKEN BONES,
OR TEACH PEOPLE HOW TO GUARD AGAINST DISEASE.
YOU COULD CONDUCT PRACTICAL RESEARCH WITH THE PEOPLE AT HAND. AND PERHAPS DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THEIR DISORDER.
A RESEARCH PHYSICIAN! HAS THERE EVER BEEN A GREATER LABORATORY FOR PURE RESEARCH THAN THIS SAD PLANET?
YOU HAVE THE SKILL AND INNER STRENGTH TO PRACTICE YOUR SKILLS, EVEN IN THE ABSENCE OF PROPER TOOLS.
YOU -- AND I -- HAVE A SPECIAL TALENT, A TALENT TELLING IN OUR BLOOD --
--A TALENT INHERITED BY OUR SON.
I SPOKE WITH EMMANUEL, SHORTLY AFTER I AND THE OTHERS WOKE UP.

HE SAID YOU WERE A FINE TUTOR, AFTER THE WAR--THAT YOU TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING HE KNEW.
HE WAS A FINE STUDENT. HE HAD GREAT APTITUDE, NATURAL TALENT.
BUT TALENT WAS NOT ALL HE INHERITED FROM US.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN OUR SON, OTHER THAN THAT ONE LAST TIME?
NO.
THERE IS A DARK SIDE TO OUR HERITAGE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GUESS WHAT IT IS.
YOU SAID YOURSELF YOU WERE LOSING YOUR MIND. BY SEEING ME, BY HEARING ME, YOU PROVE YOUR MADNESS.
OUR SON, AS WELL, HAS LOST HIS SANITY.

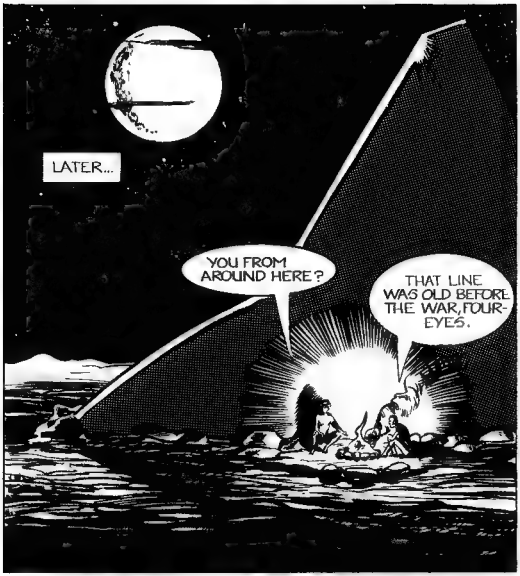
WHEN--?
DOES IT REALLY MATTER?
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER. NOT LIFE, NOT CIVILIZATION, NOT SANITY.
THE ONLY PERMANENCE IN THIS LIFE IS WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS. THERE IS NO *LEGACY* TO THE *SHATTERED EARTH*; YOU CAN'T REST ON YOUR LAURELS.
THE WORLD IS MAD, OUR PLANS HAVE TURNED TO SAND, CRAWL FROM THE DARK AND LIVE A BRILLIANT LIFE FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT --
--OR BECOME A PARTNER TO GHOSTS.

ALEX--
RRRRRRRRRR
--HUh? WHAT?!
NO SUDDEN MOVES, LOVE. MY DOG GETS NERVOUS.

DON'T WORRY I'M PEACEFUL.
EVERYONE'S PEACEFUL WITH A GUN IN THEIR FACE.
I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY, MA'AM BECAUSE I'D SURE HATE TO SHOOT YOU.
ROGER! YOU'RE ALIVE!
AND YOU'RE AWAKE, I SEE.
NOW, LET'S TAKE IT NICE AND EASY, AND MAYBE WE WON'T NEED GUNS AT ALL.
YOU'RE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT.
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, CUE-BALL.
KNOCK ME OVER WITH A FEATHER...

...IT'S DUKE!!!
THAT'S RIGHT, YA BACK-STABBING COMMIE DOGS! LEFT ME TO DIE, DID YA?
NOBODY WALKS OUT ON THE DUKE, AIN'T YOU FILTHY ATHEISTS SEEN RED RIVER?
I DON'T LIKE WES-SSTERRRNS.
I PREEE-FEERRR OP-ER-AAAA.
MY FAV-ORRR-ITE IS THEE MAR-RIAGE OF FIGGGG-ARR-OO
IT HASS A SEEE-CENE MUUCH LIIKE THISS

MEXICAN STAND-OFF.
YOU SAID IT, RAPUNZEL.
-REMEMBER THE ALAMO...OH
H
H
H
H
H
THUD
TRUCE.
YOU COULD HAVE SHOT ME AND YOU DIDN'T. TRUCE.
HIS PULSE HAS STOPPED.
ROGER. HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE SHIP. MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
THIS CLOWN A FRIEND OF YOURS?
NO, BUT I'VE GOTTEN USED TO HIM.


LATER...
YOU FROM AROUND HERE?
THAT LINE WAS OLD BEFORE THE WAR, FOUR-EYES.

HEY, NO OFFENSE! I'M JUST MAKING CONVERSATION
SURE YOU ARE.

NOW LISTEN, YOU--
ANY FOOD LEFT?

YOU KIDS HAVING FUN?
LOOK I DON'T NEED THIS.

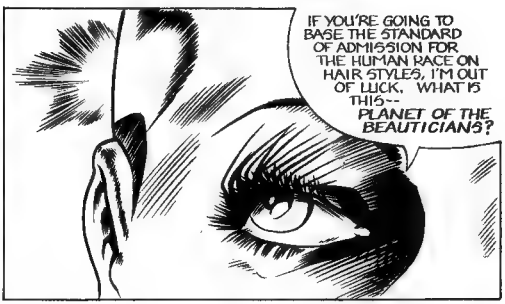
FINE. SO PISS OFF.

I MEAN IT. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF LIVING AROUND A BUNCH OF HUMORLESS, MOROSE, PARANOID DOPES!

CAN'T TAKE A JOKE? THEN GET *LOST*!
OKAY! OKAY! TAKE IT EASY, WILL YA?

THIS IS IT--DAY ONE, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU. ME. EVERYONE. THE HUMAN RACE - OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

RIGHT HERE--THIS LIGHT IS THE *LAST* LIGHT BURNING IN ALL THE WORLD. WE'RE WHAT'S LEFT.
OUT THERE, IN THE DARKNESS IS MOHAWKS AND SENSELESS VIOLENCE. HERE IN THE LIGHT IS CIVILIZATION. I'M GOING TO START US ALL OVER AGAIN.


IF YOU'RE GOING TO BASE THE STANDARD OF ADMISSION FOR THE HUMAN RACE ON HAIR STYLES, I'M OUT OF LUCK. WHAT IS THIS--
PLANET OF THE BEAUTICIANS?

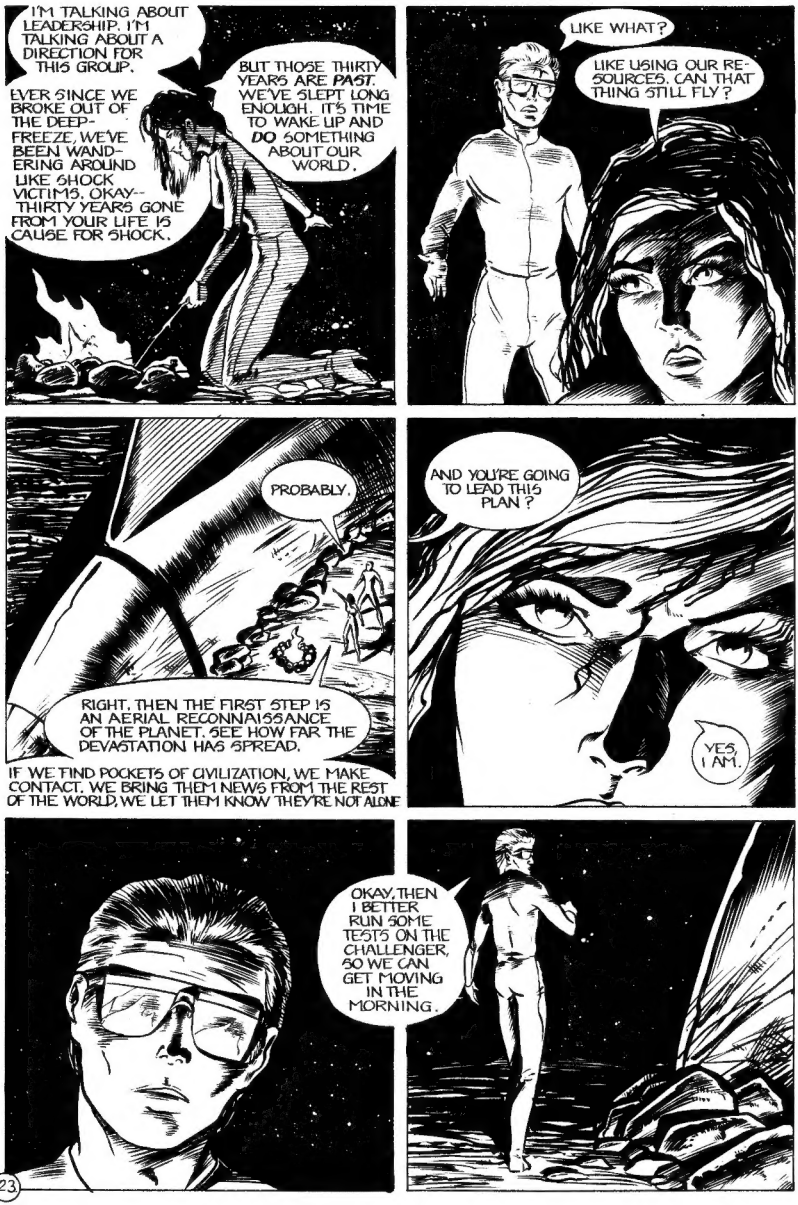
TOUCHE.
MY NAME'S KELLY. THE *QUIET* GUY IS ROGER.
FISH. CHIP'S MY MATE.

IF YOU SAY SO. WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
I'D RATHER NOT SAY.

GOT ANY SKILLS?
I'M A BADASS.
AND THE DOG?
HE'S *BADDER*.

WELL, BADASS, YOU WANT IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE **NEW HUMAN** RACE?
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY, BUT I'M NOT INTO ANY *ADAM & EVE* STUFF.

EXCUSE ME, LADIES...
BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


I'M TALKING ABOUT LEADERSHIP. I'M TALKING ABOUT A DIRECTION FOR THIS GROUP.
EVER SINCE WE BROKE OUT OF THE DEEP-FREEZE, WE'VE BEEN WANDERING AROUND LIKE SHOCK VICTIMS, OKAY-- THIRTY YEARS GONE FROM YOUR LIFE IS CAUSE FOR SHOCK.
BUT THOSE THIRTY YEARS ARE *PAST*. WE'VE SLEPT LONG ENOUGH. IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP AND *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT OUR WORLD.
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE USING OUR RESOURCES. CAN THAT THING STILL FLY?
PROBABLY.
RIGHT. THEN THE FIRST STEP IS AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE OF THE PLANET. SEE HOW FAR THE DEVASTATION HAS SPREAD.
IF WE FIND POCKETS OF CIVILIZATION, WE MAKE CONTACT. WE BRING THEM NEWS FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, WE LET THEM KNOW THEY'RE NOT ALONE
AND YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD THIS PLAN?
YES, I AM.
OKAY, THEN I BETTER RUN SOME TESTS ON THE CHALLENGER, SO WE CAN GET MOVING IN THE MORNING.

NEXT: The saga continues in the *NEW HUMANS ANNUAL* #1, on sale now! Don't miss it!

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ANNUAL

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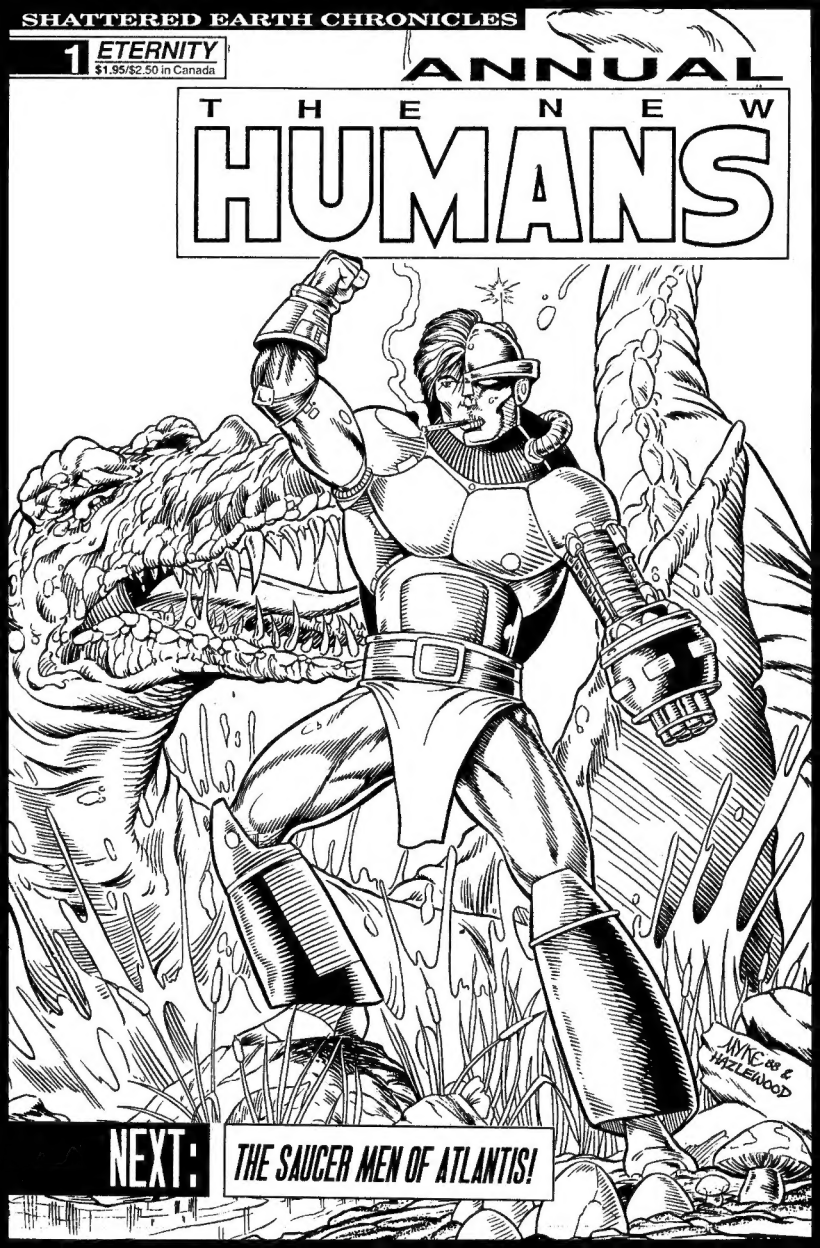

NEXT: THE SAUCER MEN OF ATLANTIS!

King Spyder